

Chalk and Cheese

by LeYoYo

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Summary: They were like chalk and cheese - different in every way, but somehow, they're perfect for each other. Beca's the cold, heartless and incredibly pale chalk while Jesse's the warm, loveable and incredibly cheesy cheese. Jeca One-shot. Cheesiness overload.

Chalk and Cheese

A/N: An incredibly cheesy one-shot set in Starbucks, based on my expert eavesdropping on the couple at the next table in a restaurant and an apology for all those who wished I would just get on with all my other stories.

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><p>It was a Friday morning, and Starbucks was brimming with customers. The boisterous chatter rose to an exceptional level, as workers, casuals and regulars bustled to get their morning coffees. Aproned cashiers haphazardly juggled the cups and orders, as the machines incessantly spewed the heavenly substance into multiple cups at once. The small bins by the counters were overflowing with a diverse range of rubbish, ranging from snapped elastic bands to fetid diapers. In other words, the caf   was in chaos.<p>

Having a short stature, Beca was continually jostled about the crowd - and without her coffee, she was an extremely depressing and dangerous person to be around. Growling and cursing under her breath, she made her way towards the end of the line. Occasionally, she would snarl insults and profanities to innocent bystanders, the pandemonium of the caf   gradually darkening her mood. Today, she was especially grouchy, having just received a message from her boss that 'her services were no longer required' the minute she walked out of her apartment. And unfortunately for her (and the bystanders), Jesse was not there to comfort her, like he always did, because he was sent

away on a business trip in New York. Beca was on the brink of insanity.

A pair of well-muscled arms enveloped her into a bear hug as Beca yelped in surprise.

"Hey, Bec," a familiar voice chuckled behind her.

She whirled around, almost dropping her bag, and came face to face with her nerd. Her mood lightened instantaneously. Ecstatically, she pounced onto him, capturing his lips into a kiss. "You didn't tell me you would be home early!"

"I found out yesterday, and I thought I could surprise you."

"Well, you did a pretty good job of that." She smacked him playfully in the chest.

"And..." Jesse approached the nearest table and brandished a frappe and a flat white, "I thought you'd want to beat the queue."

"You moron..." Beca smiled her boyfriend, "No more surprises."

"So you don't want the - Ow!" Jesse pouted at Beca as she flicked his forehead. She accepted the frappe and plopped herself onto the chair.

He shook his head at her as he sat down. Knowing Beca so well, he could read the concern riddled in her poker face. "So, what's wrong?"

"Nothing..." It came out as an inaudible mumble.

"Beca. Tell me please?"

"I got fired. Apparently, 'my services are no longer required'." She sighed, taking a sip from her frappe.

"What? No way. They can't possibly fire someone as talented as you are."

"Jess... That's really nice of you, but he says that I just don't belong there, and I'm not good enough - "

"Not good enough? You don't belong there? What kind of idiot is he? I'd understand if you didn't belong there." Beca shot him a glare. "But that's just because you belong in somewhere much better than a hangout for loonies who can't recognise talent."

"Says the guy who was given a paid internship a few months after he graduated."

"And who might that be?"

She rolled her eyes. What an egotistical idiot.

"Anyway, Bec, what I am saying is that you are the most wonderful person I know. You're talented - "

"Not enough it seems."

"Beca! Can you just listen for a moment?" He clasped her hand. "I am the luckiest guy in the world, because you're my girlfriend."

"I feel special."

"Fine, Queen of Sarcasm, I'll prove it to you. Let me start from the top then. You are the most beautiful person I know, with your super scary earspike and your amazingly unique choice of make-up."

"Brilliant sugar coating."

"It's the truth. And you're especially sexy when you're in your old Bella uniform."

"You just like my rack."

Jesse paused in thought, before continuing, "Who doesn't?"

"You pervert."

"I've seen you in much less."

Her response was an incoherent mumble and a growl.

"You're witty and funny," he yelped as she pinched him, "when you want to be, of course. I love your sarcasm, and your surly attitude."

"That's to repel people."

"Well, it doesn't work for me."

"Nothing works for you."

"Hey! It just attracts me to you. I love your eye rolls, raised eyebrows, pinches, punches - Yow!" He rubbed his arm as her fist made contact.

"I thought you loved them." Beca grinned wickedly, raising an eyebrow at him.

Jesse rolled his eyes before continuing. "I love how determined you are - "

"Not to my boss."

"Your boss can piss off to wherever he came from. I also love your talent and creativity, how your mind can whip up some of the sickest beats that ever existed."

"Lots of people can do that. Especially _Luke_."

That hit a sore spot for Jesse. Having been jealous of Luke the moment he lifted up his t-shirt and flirted with Beca, Jesse had always prided himself as the winner of their chess match. What defined a winner? Beca, of course - the guy who took her home was the champion.

"I bet he can't sing, dance or magic up a revolutionary setlist. He can't win the ICCA's or have an amazing partner - "

"Jesse!"

"I am merely stating the truth."

"Amazing partner? Where the hell did that come from? Surely you can't be the so-called amazing partner?"

He clutched his chest dramatically and feigned sobbing. His loud... er... _sound effects _were attracting unwanted attention from around the cafÃ©.

"Jesse! Snap out of it! People are looking!"

"Ah, let them watch and see what a mean little elf you are! You wounded me!"

Beca sighed as she stood up and retrieved his flat white. "Swanson," she hissed, "if you keep this up, I will drench you in coffee, refuse to shower with you and castrate you when you are asleep."

Opening one eye, Jesse looked at Beca's dangerous expression. Not good. He promptly sat up and smiled apologetically at the passers-by. Turning back to his girlfriend, who looked like she was going to murder him, he cleared his throat. "And I love how you can threaten people and bend their will. Man, I was so worried you wouldn't shower with me today."

"That was the only part you listened to?!"

"That was the worst of the three."

"So I can castrate you and spill this coffee over you?"

"You can spill _your sweet coffee_ over me and castrate me _with your mouth_." Jesse winked at her disgusted expression.

"Why did I even bother dating you?"

"Because I am awesome. Anyway back to why I love you so much, and why I am the luckiest human being on Earth."

"This is a _public _place, and happens to be one of the busiest cafÃ©s in LA! So no more vulgar comments please."

"So I can't talk about all the times we were having - " He was cut off by a stinging slap. And it didn't help that she had coffee running down her hand. "My face!"

"I told you not to talk about it."

"Hmm... that was hot though, and you are great in bed. But my poor face! My cheek is reddening and burning up! Now that sounds weird. Usually, you're supposed to slap someone's ass cheeks during -
"

"Jesse Swanson!" Beca snarled as she helped mop up his face.

"Fine. Do you remember that time you punched the Tonehanger in the face? So hot. And the thought of you in jail was hotter. I was going to leave you there, and see what you look like when you came out a few months later, but I thought, 'You know what? I wanna bail my million dollar babe out - '"

"By calling my dad!"

"I was so worried about you!"

"And drop the million dollar baby thing. We weren't even dating."

"Yeah, in the radio station, I wanted to take you on the 'no sex' desk. I was wooing you - "

"With juice pouches and - "

"Rocky."

"No, The Breakfast Club."

His eyes lit up at a memory, giving Beca the worst feeling about his next statement.

"And you cried!"

"Only once."

"Still, it counts. And you watched the whole movie. I can't get over it!"

"I was depressed."

"Over losing me."

She wasn't going to give him the pleasure of revealing her soft side. "I was depressed because I got kicked out of the Bellas."

"Liar! Liar! Then why did you watch the Breakfast Club out of all the things you could have done?"

Her expression answered his question. Jesse did a fist pump. He'd caught her.

"This is so cheesy..." Beca murmured.

"Well, now you know why I am the luckiest dude in the world."

"And I am the unluckiest person in the world."

"Hey, hey. We are awesome together. Opposites attract."

"Still extremely cheesy."

"And you've given me a grand idea!"

She groaned, "Jesse..."

"We're just like chalk and cheese, right?"

"How's that relevant?" Beca finished her frappe, watching his delighted face.

"Opposites attract! Chalk and cheese are totally different."

"I am guessing that you are the cheese...?"

"Yeah, that sounds about right. You are cold, heartless and ever so pale. I am the goodie goodness that everyone loves!"

"Don't forget the fact that you are incredibly cheesy."

"Ha. Ha. Ha. Who knew Beca Mitchell could make puns?"

They stood up to leave the caf  , hand in hand. They were different in every way, like chalk and cheese, but somehow, they're perfect for each other.

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><p>AN:_ This could turn into a collection of one-shots, depending on your reactions. Please review and let me know what you think of my first attempt at a one-shot.

End
file.